

For a Larger Ocean

THERE is another matter which should be called to the attention of Congress at once.

The people along the Eastern seaboard are complaining that the Atlantic Ocean is too small. What they need is an ocean about the size of the Pacific.

Even Long Island is too short. It is almost impossible to get a ringside seat for a bathing bout anywhere along the well-known coast, and about the best the average person can do is the eighteen row, and then often behind a pillar or a hotel or some other obstacle.

So far as the old bathtub itself is concerned, it offers only standing room and is just about as exclusive as the New York subway, and even at that, there are no straps to hold to. If a person just wants to go into the ocean to stand around, he can do so if he is willing to wait until somebody comes out.

It will soon be necessary to run the ocean on the plan adopted in the big movie houses where waiting crowds are held back by cords and the number of persons allowed to enter equals but never exceeds the number who come out.

So far as swimming is concerned, the ocean traffic has become so congested that it is easier to swim in the old porcelain bathtub at home.

An expert swimmer may get in one or two strokes by committing assault and battery on somebody else, but there is no room for real exercise.

The ocean is the people's forum, their academy. It has a greater capacity than Cooper Union or Madison Square Garden or the Polo Grounds, yet it is too small.

The population has grown steadily, but it has had to put up with the same old ocean, nothing ever having been done to enlarge it. Like the drug-store telephone booth, it remains just as nature designed it.

The Atlantic needs a free running-water system and drainage so that the water can be changed every twenty-four hours.

Practical engineers who have investigated the ocean, it is thought, have suggested that the main trouble lies in the fact that too many people prefer to do their sea-bathing in the Summer when everybody else wants to do it. To relieve the congestion, it is suggested that half the population patronize the Atlantic in the Winter.

Heard Along Broadway

Spare the Rod.

THE stranger in the Scottish village was aghast at seeing a man of about ninety thrashing another of about seventy—and protested.

"And what for no?" demanded the ancient one. "Can I no punish my ain son when he chucks stanes at his grandfather?"

One Thing Missing.

THE little girl had spent a whole day at the Zoo with her father, and had read all the notices and placards very carefully.

As they passed through the turnstile to return home, her father said: "Well, I think we have seen everything, don't you, dear?"

"Everything except the pickpockets," she pouted.

The Humorous Milkman.

HE was a milkman with a sense of humor.

"Why are you so late with our milk this morning?" asked one old lady.

"Well, you see, mum," he answered, "it's like this. The law allows us 25,000 bacteria in the gallon, and you wouldn't believe how long it takes to count the little beggars."

The Size of the Plate.

MICKY was an apprentice in a shipyard, and the first morning the foreman put a two-foot rule into his hand and told him to go and measure a large steel plate. He returned in twenty minutes.

"Well, Micky," said the foreman, "what was the size of the plate?"

A satisfied grin stole over Micky's face.

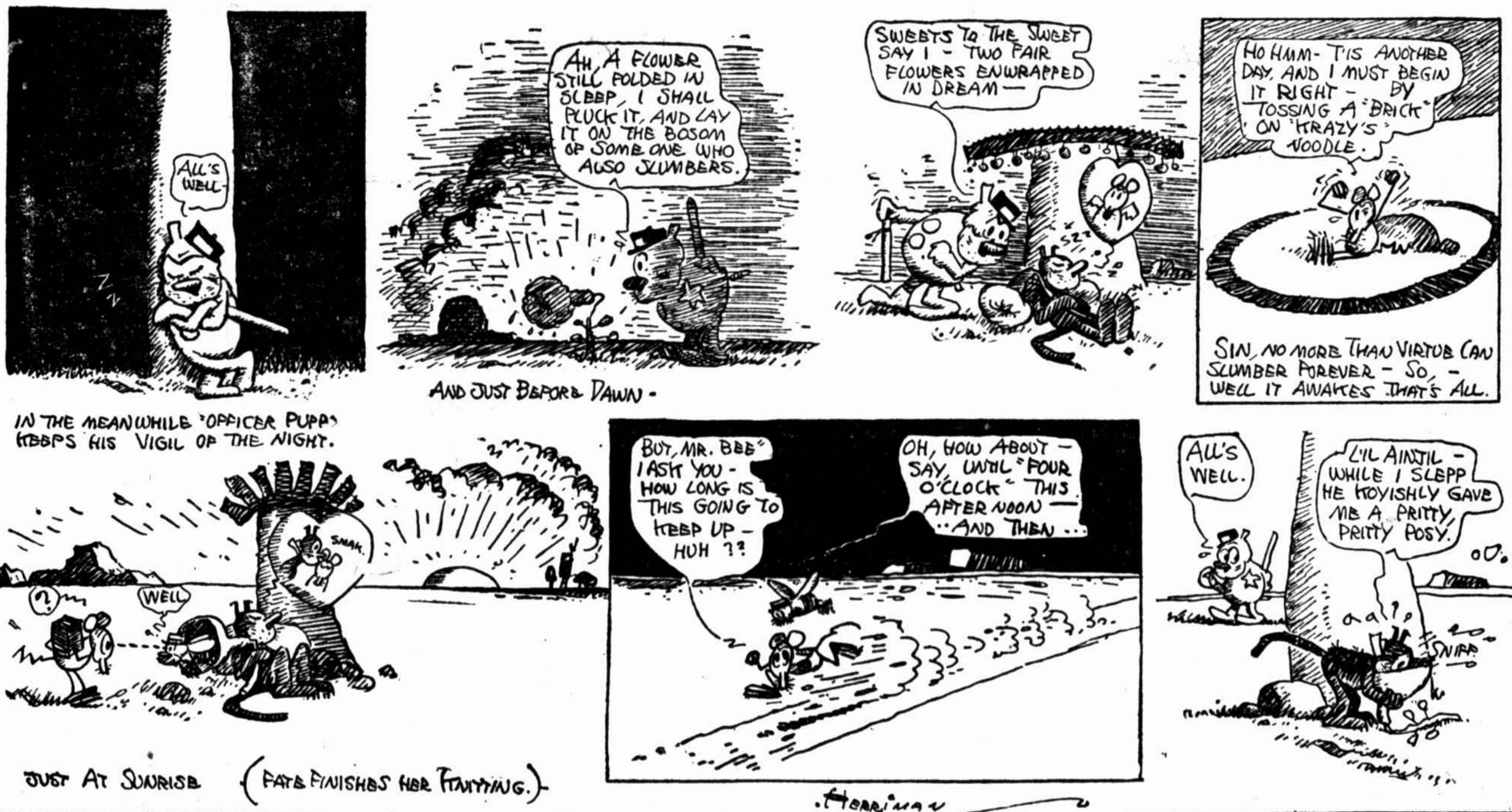
"It's just the length of this rule," he replied, "and two thumbs over, with this brick, and the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to there, bar the finger!"

Krazy Kat

By Herriman



NIGHT COMES, AND UNDER THE RED TAPE TREE A VILLAIN SLUMBERS WHILE A MORAL MOON UNWILLINGLY BLANKETS HIM WITH A MANTLE OF PURITY.



Yes and No

By Len Fleming.

shouldn't stand in the sun—both of them good ones frequently, but she can't stand on 'em there—and stand on her dignity at the same time.

Yes, Wilburforce, Europe has lost its balance; it don't know whether it fell or was pushed. It lost its political balance at Genoa; it lost its financial balance at Washington. Uncle Sam is the bookkeeper; the books will probably go back with the covers all off and nothing inside but figures on the wrong side of the page. Uncle Sam may get what's coming to him, eventually, but Johnny Bullion never will—what I mean!

No, Passywillow, when you tell a man a joke and he refuses to laugh, that's no sign he's been overcome by the law of gravity. A grave man is not necessarily one that digs 'em. Maybe your joke

hung fire because the point was dull—not the victim you told it to. Try a new joke and maybe you'll have better luck—tell him why they let you live.

Yes, Dudlesack, when a Scotchman has a tooth pulled he always pays for it in advance so as to have the pain over with. When a Scotchman won't spend money for pleasure how can you expect him to get pleasure out of spending money for pain? When money passes through the hands of a Scotchman (and darned little ever passes through!) you can truthfully say it's been in a "tight pinch!"

No, McDuff, the Scotch didn't invent golf because their feet are so big they have to have all outdoors to play a game in; how ridiculous! They invented golf because they are full of Scotch and want to keep "teed" up. Like the Irish, they

play everything on the green! If you are a Scotchman, play every shot to win, even if you know you'll have to swing for it!

Yes, Bopeopus, you can keep fit on a farm—in fact, a farm is the place to keep fit. Or a farm is an equally good place to keep misfit. Stay on the farm and follow the plough-horse instead of going to the city and following the ponies. If you go to the city the hayseed in your hair will never amount to anything; if you stay on the farm, where Nature wanted you, the hayseed will sprout and every Spring you'll have stacks of the long green—if you know what I mean.

Yes, Questionable, it is generally believed that Mr. Taft didn't try for a seat in the Senate because he feared if he was seated he'd get stuck in the seat. The Honorable William has the displacement of a tug-of-war, but requires no dismantling, and is now in dry-dock—helping to enforce the dry laws and other cumbersome jokes, on the docket.

Yes, Jane, the & in et cetera is as silent, like the q in quillards; but it isn't cold, like the t in still. You think of such funny things! A fortune teller would tell you that you have a funny future, if a nothing happens, and it will be if you're a fortune teller.

No, Chatterbox, a hung jury isn't one where the prisoner is acquitted and the jury hung. A hung jury is one that can't agree on a verdict. For instance, if you were tried for being simple-minded and the jury couldn't agree that you are, that would be a hung jury—and a terrible miscarriage of justice.

Yes, Philo, if you inadvertently find your mother-in-law's head in a box, it may correctly be referred to as an ax-i-dent. Select a jury of married men and they will just naturally bring in a verdict of demise from natural causes. However, should they decide to hang you, let me know; I enjoy an occasional hanging—I have never missed one in my own family.

Famous Resort Is Overcrowded

SO many persons have decided to spend the Summer up the Hudson, and perhaps several Summers, that the pleasant resort town of Ossining reports a record-breaking crowd. The Mine Host of the big Hotel Sing Sing, pleasantly and conveniently located on the bank of the Hudson, three minutes from the railroad station, reports that his hotel is now accommodating nearly one hundred guests above normal capacity.

This is due to the fact that the hotel accommodates very few transients. Many of the guests decide to stay there for years, making it their all-year-round home. They just seem to become attached to the place. Some additions may be made to the big hostelry, but these cannot be completed before next year.

Those planning to spend the Summer at this hotel should have made their reservations three or four months in advance. It is difficult for Landlord Lawes to make provision for last-minute arrivals. The suites are all full, and this is true of the less desirable suites as well as the better ones. It is very difficult now to get a room with a private bath.

Arrangements are being made to hang the guests up on hooks, special sleeping bags with loops in them being provided for this purpose. Those who are determined to stop here in preference to any other hotel may hang on straps at night and do their sleeping, which will be comparatively homelike for those accustomed to subway travel.

The rules of this famous resort hotel are more strict than ever this season on account of the unprecedented rush.

All guests will be prohibited from keeping fire-arms in their rooms. All guns, daggers and blackjacks must be checked at the office. No checking fee is charged.

Guests will not be allowed to keep pets such as dogs, parrots or cats in their rooms. Piano playing in rooms will not be allowed after 10 p. m.

Liquor will not be permitted in any of the guest rooms, and any guest found with liquor concealed shall give the same to the guard, to have and to hold.

Breakfast, luncheon and dinner will be served promptly on time, and nothing will be served between meals.

It will be against the rules to park Fords, motorcycles or bicycles in the lobby of the hotel for the night.

The management is not responsible for hats, overcoats, canes, golf bags and sticks or pony polo paraphernalia.

It is not necessary for guests to tip the help, as the custom is not popular in this hotel. Waiters accepting tips, however, will not be fired out of the hotel.

Guests intending to give up their rooms and leave the hotel are requested to notify the office six hours previous to departure.

From Here and There

Strange Indeed!

"PAPA, where were you born?" Willie asked his father one evening.

"In Boston, darling."
"Where was mamma born?"
"In New York, darling."
"Where was I born?"
"In Chicago, dearest."
"Queer how we three people came together, isn't it?"

The Optimist.

BOBBY had been taught to remember all his relatives when he said his prayers. One night, as he knelt at his mother's knee, he failed to mention the name of a favorite aunt.

"Why, Bobbie," said his mother, "you didn't say, 'Bless Aunt Beatrice and make her happy.'"

"Well, mother," replied the youngster, "I don't have to say that any more. Aunt Beatrice is engaged."

What Did She Mean?

A COMMERCIAL traveller arrived home one day and said to his wife: "I have done something to-day that I ought to have done when I first started on the road. I have taken out an accident insurance on my life. If I am killed the company will pay you \$5,000. If I am injured I get \$10 a week."

The next morning, when he was ready to start on his journey, his wife threw her arms around his neck and cried:

"Now, John, for Heaven's sake, whatever you do, don't get injured."